

JEAN ELIOT'S LETTER

A Chronicle of Society

SUSAN, DEAR: Such a week! Such a fortnight one might say, for next week bids fair to be just as gay, with the Vice President and Mrs. Marshall's reception tomorrow evening and the round of entertaining for a charming bride, Alice Writting, whose marriage to John Baldwin Cochran will take place on Wednesday, as the high light.

It makes one rather glad to realize that Lent is coming, and with it time to feel a bit and do all the pleasantly informal things which cannot even enter into our calculations in these festive days.

With a reception at the Congressional Club for the President and Mrs. Wilson, and a reception at the White House for the Congressmen, the Washington reception, the Reed Brittons' big dance at the Highlands, and the famous Beaux Arts ball as a climax, there were not many idle moments on the hands of society folk.

Yet dinners and small dances crowded each other close, as well as metaphorically, as rings of the dances wound up with a flourish and were wedged in between the more formal and sedate reception.

Frowns on Dancing.

It is a matter of general regret by the way, that there seems to be no prospect of dancing at the White House.

During the Taft regime the state receptions frequently were in this informal fashion, and while the Roosevelt occupied the White House dances for the younger members of the family were of frequent occurrence. But even under the new flag, Lady's law there seems to be no chance of a return to these pleasant customs.

It has been said the President, as a good Presbyterian, frowns upon it, but I doubt that. Certainly his daughters—and particularly Mrs. McAdoo—dance whenever they get a chance. But they don't get the chance at the White House.

The visit of Mrs. James Robert McKee, daughter of the late President Harrison, was the occasion of much of the pleasant entertaining of the week. As the guest of Mrs. Arthur Lee she was feted by a wide circle of friends who date back to the days when she was a belle in the Senatorial circle shortly after she left school.

She was a very young matron when her father was Vice President, and she has had one of the most interesting and varied careers in Washington society.

In addition to the luncheon and tea which Mrs. Lee gave for her on Monday, and the dinner on Wednesday night when Mr. and Mrs. Lee entertained for the Vice President and Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. McKee and Mrs. Armstrong Davis gave dinners in her honor and Mrs. Ritchey had a luncheon on Thursday.

Mrs. McKee Gave Party. Mrs. McKee herself gave a party for the Beaux Arts ball. As a matter of fact half the society people in town entertained guests at this famous occasion and the rest were guests in other people's parties.

It was all very gay and very joyous, but there was one thing I missed, the three singers, who kept things going so successfully last year, trooping from one end of the great room to the other, hobnobbing and singing gay choruses and popular airs with such spirit that the auditors could not but join in the chorus.

Will you ever forget little Mrs. William A. Slater, Jr., with her golden hair flying, young Elmer Langworthy, and how they led the revels? They seemed the spirit of carnival laughter.

It is always my intention to see the various worth-while exhibitions which come to Washington, but you know what happens to good intentions. I fear that if it had not been for my desire to see Mrs. Allyn Williams—who was Anna Varian Dorsey before her marriage and meet her distinguished husband I should never have seen Mr. Williams' miniature on exhibition at the Corcoran Gallery. And I should have missed a treat.

My little visit with the artist and his wife and my view of his work will linger pleasantly in my memory.

Has Won High Place. Mr. Williams' art of miniature is president of the Royal Miniature Society of London, and to him credit must be given for reviving in our day and generation one of the noblest arts of our forebears which declined under the influence of photography.

He stands absolutely the head of the miniature painters of England and has really means of the world, for the English were the first to take an interest in the revival of this dainty art, and although other countries have followed in their wake—there are now societies modeled after the Royal London Society in Paris, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and scores of other places—they have never quite caught up with their leader.

Moreover, he enjoys the distinction of having painted more royalties, from actual sittings, than any other man living. He has several portraits on ivory of Queen Alexandra, among them the only profile she ever had painted, and of the late King Edward.

He painted the present Queen when she was Duchess of York, and one of the daintiest bits of his work shows the present Prince of Wales at the tender age of ten months. "Painting" is the objective which instinctively comes to mind when one speaks of miniatures, and yet Mr. Williams' work shows a degree of strength which is probably due somewhat to the breadth of his preliminary training.

Painted a King. It must be rather thrilling work to paint a king—the details of uniform, orders, and all the kingly paraphernalia is filled in from a dummy wearing the royal regalia—and yet Mr. Williams talked about it as simply as if it were an everyday occurrence.

The while he showed me the charming things he has done, the miniature of the little Princess Marie Jose of Belgium, for instance, which is to be sold for the benefit of the erche which the Queen of Belgium maintains.

Here little refugee children are taken care of for the sake of the small daughter from whom the Queen is separated, it's a fine piece of work, and the artist



SYLVANUS STOKES and MISS FRANCES MOORE in blue wig and Persian costume.



REVELERS AT THE BEAUX ARTS BALL

Above—MISS MAY ADAMS, as Powderpuff, and HYLAND KURN, of Baltimore.

Below—MRS. EDWIN H. PILSON, as a study in black and white.

has managed to convey much of the tenacity of the British in the childish face. The little portrait was painted at the Ursuline Convent at Brentwood, where, with her English governess, Miss Hamersley, the princess is in her exile, and is autographed by the little girl herself. This is one of the gems of the collection, and marks with the famous miniature of the Countess of Clonmel, also on view.

Then there are ever so many portraits of especial interest to Washingtonians, the miniature of Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, which has been so extensively printed from a photograph, a full-length portrait, about six inches high, of Mrs. Charles Wheeler, charming, and of Winnifred Watterman and her sister, Mrs. George Worthington, and an exquisite thing, done from a daguerreotype of Dr. Meade Moore's mother.

I fell in love with a head of Stephanie Treacott Martin's fine boy, Worthington Martin, and a little gem, Vinson Walsh McLean, with all the wifely appeal of babyhood in his wonderful blue eyes. A full-length portrait of Cardinal Gibbons is a wonderful study in gods, and there is a real distinction about a panel portrait of Mrs. Newbold Noyes, painted when she was Alexandra Ewing. This belongs to Mrs. Ewing, and was loaned for the exhibit.

Saddened by War. Like all people English by birth or adoption the Williams are saddened by the war. Mr. Williams, a son, Lieut. Donald Martin Williams, somewhere in the region of Salonika, and the only reason he is not at the front himself is that the powers turned him down.

He expects to return to England in the spring—they are in the habit of spending every summer there, and of coming to the United States for the winters—but Mrs. Williams will not accompany him unless things are more settled.

They are at the Grafton for several months, and Mrs. Williams is renewing old acquaintances here. She is an unusually clever woman, who has done a good deal of short-story writing and newspaper work in addition to building up quite a reputation as a lecturer. And now, I understand, she has completed

is anything but safe. Last winter the exigencies of business caused Mr. Benet to brave the trip, though traveling was dangerous even then, and Mrs. Benet did not hesitate to come with him. They are such a devoted couple that not even the fear of German submarines could make her stay behind.

Ever since the beginning of the war Mr. and Mrs. Benet have been devoting their energies to the work for the American ambulance in Paris. Just now Mrs. Benet is obliged to be inactive because of an accident to her knee, but idleness is not to her liking and she chafes to get back to "her wounded." In her last letter to "one of her sisters she speaks of having tea" at home while she is laid up and says that it is rather a sad hour, as it has been long since she passed an afternoon in that way. For many months she was scarcely home except to dine and sleep.

Mr. and Mrs. Benet are anxious that their home city and the capital of the nation should follow the lead of many large American cities and donate a ward to the American ambulance. Chicago, rated a pro-German city, has a donation of \$10,000 and the support of two ambulances to its credit; St. Louis is now preparing to take over the support of a ward, and other cities which have been long since named for them are New Haven, Philadelphia, New York, Buffalo, and Boston. It does seem too bad that this city of all others should not have contributed as a city to this work.

It requires only \$3,000 to establish and support a ward of ten beds for six months. That surely is not too large a sum to be raised by anyone of a group of wealthy or influential Washingtonians and presented in the name of the city. Why not another Black and White Ball, a ball of the Gods, or some other affair of that sort, which never fails to attract the people with full purses, for this good purpose? I am confident we'd all be interested, did we but know the wonderful work that has been accomplished by the American Ambulance.

A "Colonial Tea" Planned. A "Colonial tea," on Washington's Birthday, and at Octagon House! Isn't that an appropriate combination? And to cap the climax, it is arranged to carry on the work of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities.

Miss Virginia Miller, president of the society, is planning the entertainment with the assistance of Mrs. Mayon Butler and a number of other prominent Southern women. I'm ever so interested because I know it will be fun, and because the money in this instance is to be used to repair St. John's Church at Warsaw, Va., where Jane Seymour Jones and Roland Hopkins were married.

The quaint little edifice, about which centers no end of historic interest, is rapidly falling into decay, and needs to be taken in hand. You know it boasts a fine silver communion service, the gift of Queen Anne, which was used at St. John's Church in Washington for some years before being returned to its original owner.

Pretty girls in old-fashioned costumes will assist at the tea party, their pretty gowns adding a touch of color to the scene.

Pocahontas Butler is in charge of this group, and her right-hand man is Mary Lord Andrews.

Benets Not Coming Here. We must all brush up on our Biblical lore, if we are to keep up with the large group of women in Washington who had time for serious things in addition to a round of luncheons, dinners, and pink teas.

Beginning next week, a number of these women are to devote every Wednesday morning to the study of the life and influence of the Prophet Isaiah, under the tutelage of the Rev. Douglas Burnie. Last season Mr. Burnie conducted this same class, his subject being "The Lesser Prophets," and the members found his talks so interesting and instructive that they were eager to resume work this winter.

line, furniture for garniture, with maybe the saving grace of a difference in color—well, there may be worse shocks, but barring battle, murder, and sudden death it is hard for the feminine mind to conceive them. So far as I know this has been spared Mrs. Wilson, and yet Mrs. Mahlon Pitney possesses an exact counterpart of the lovely Callot model she wore at the first White House reception. Mrs. Pitney's is black, and Mrs. Wilson's is white, but for the rest they are alike from the sleeves broadening to the flowing sleeves of tulle and the mammoth flowers which lend a touch of color at breast and knee.

I shall always remember the very charming but inconsiderate person who wore a frock twin to her own at the ball for the Children's Country Home last winter. Mrs. Gerry's was pink in tone, the other lavender, but from the hem of the short, full skirt, then quite new and surprising, to the band of sable on the bodice, they were as like as two peas. Countess von Bernstorff was also confronted once by the exact counterpart of her gown, worn by no less a personage than Mrs. Eklund; and one is not likely to forget the historic occasion when two ladies met on speaking terms with each other, met at Mrs. Townsend's. They were dressed precisely alike, with no difference of color to relieve the strain, and not even their own maids could have told the gowns apart.

Fun Over Frock.

One of the amusing coincidences I remember in regard to frocks came about in connection with Maitland Marshall's marriage to Jack Knapp. The bride-maid's gown was ordered from New York, such dainty things of lace and then more lace, with panner draperies and deep ridges of tulle in pastel shades. One evening, just before the wedding, I caught a group of the bridesmaids—Mrs. McAdoo was among them, "Kissie" Ruth Bliss, now Mrs. Watkins; Mrs. Joe Colquitt, who was Julia Heyl, and Kate DuBoise—whispering together at a party. A visiting girl from Philadelphia, I think, had appeared wearing the exact model of their frocks. Before they could recover from this shock came Maitland's aunt, Mrs. Howard, from Atlanta, who "unpacked her" wedding garments" and displayed the very same gown!

The gentle art of keeping house doesn't come to us all in a minute, and little brides are apt to discover. They used to have to learn by experience and burned fingers, but now they send out a call for help to the schools of domestic art and sciences. Little Mrs. Newbold Noyes—she was Alexandra Ewing—announced the other day that she had to learn how to do the marketing, how to manage servants, the chemistry of foods, and half a dozen other important branches—and all in three months. It sounds a very large order, for she is making arrangements to take several courses at the School of Domestic Arts and Sciences, and no doubt will achieve perfection, or near it, as a housekeeper. It is amazing how many brides, brides-to-be, and girls who have all the earmarks of being engaged, although they won't admit it, are taking up this study of housekeeping and homemaking in a business-like fashion.

A Charming Recital. I stopped in at the Colonial School Wednesday afternoon to see Jessie Herriott's pupils dance, and the recital was quite charming. The ensemble work of the girls of the school was interesting, and several of the dances were delightful.

Little Elise Avery gave a variation of "The Blue Danube" that showed both grace and originality; Marietta Walker's "polka miniature" was a particularly dainty piece of work, and so was Jean Sayre's "Spring." Moreover, Jean Stockett and Grace Housen put a lot of fire and enthusiasm into their "Russian Rhapsody."

Among the many other numbers the most notable was the "Moment Musical," a charming novelty, with Madeline Green, Irene Sayre, and Beatrice Traugott as the dancers. Mrs. E. Clyde Shade, soprano; Miss Elizabeth Barrina Wilbur, violinist; and Lefroy Gilder, tenor, with Mrs. Dorothy Baxter as the accompanist, rounded out an interesting program.

Find Time To Walk. In this season of parties, parties and still more parties, it interests me to discover some real society person who can find time for such an unimportant thing as taking a walk of an afternoon. Yet one rainy day not long ago, at the busy hour of 4, I met

Mary Millett, Mrs. John D. Adams, Mrs. Maynard Halstead, and Mrs. George H. Hull.

On Tuesday she was the honor guest at a tea dance, with Eva Ingersoll Brown as hostess, and on Friday the Maynard Halsteads gave a tea dance for her. Then that evening William Wallace arranged a box party for Mrs. Belmont's suffrage play, "Melinda and Her Sisters," in her honor. Last evening she gave a little dinner herself, and so it goes.

She did find time one afternoon to meet with a party of young people to Klatschuck, William Phelps Enos' wonderful place, where they had some sort of a tea party. And she writes that she ran into John Buchanan and his bride at the Plaza one day, and had a nice pow wow with Ruth, who appeared to be enjoying life to the utmost.

People Read Between Lines.

When Senator and Mrs. Martine (of New Jersey, if you please,) selected St. Valentine's Day, the very evening of the Congressional Club's party, in honor of the President and Mrs. Wilson, for their reception of the Raucher's people read between the lines—what, after all, may never have been written there.

However, in noting the confusion of dates, one is prone to remember that at the beginning of the Administration the Senator from New Jersey was regarded as one of the President's "buddies," a warm personal and political friend; that the President and the Senator have not always agreed on the important question of appointments, and that it is whispered they are not quite so chummy as they used to be.

Be that as it may, if I may be pardoned a return to the slang of yesterday, both parties were gala events. The invitation list for the club party was pruned pretty close, only members and their menfolk were included, and the young people were conspicuous by their absence. Perhaps the President and his bride were weighed in the balance, with dancing in the other scale, and found wanting. At any rate, there was dancing at the Martines', and there the younger members of officialdom were to be found.

Mrs. Wilson's Perfect Guest.

The elders chose the better way and went on from one party to the other, and between the two functions there was scarce an official of prominence to be found at home that evening. Mrs. Wilson was, as usual, a perfect guest, and the President had a pleasant personal greeting for many of his friends of the Senate and the House. Three times before have the members of the club entertained in honor of the Chief Executive, twice during the Taft Administration and once shortly after Mr. Wilson was elected. That was when they occupied their old quarters in I street.

On this last occasion the President was unable to attend, as he was suffering from an attack of grip, but the first Mrs. Wilson and her three daughters were there. And later in that same winter there was a gala function for the three Wilson girls.

Mrs. Lawrence Townsend was in town for a few days this week, but has gone back to New York. She has passed the greater part of the winter there, busying herself actively with relief work, notably the campaign for the Stollis fund of the Vacation War Relief Committee, and in constant attendance at the opera. Just now she is hunting a summer home somewhere in that vicinity.

The Townsends have about decided to lease an estate at Little Neck Bay, Long Island. They have given up the idea of going to their place at Lake George, as it is so far from base, and Mrs. Townsend is anxious to be within easy reach of her two sons, Reginald Townsend, who makes his home in New York, and the sailor member of the family, Lieut. Lawrence Townsend, whose present headquarters is Baltimore. Yvonne Townsend has also been in New York most of the winter, where she has been devoting herself with great singleness of purpose to the study of art.

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Gladys Mackay-Smith and her good-looking dance, William Bell Watkins—they are certainly a fine upstanding pair—walking along F street as though the afternoon tea had never been invented.

Just ahead of them was Virginia Mackay-Smith with a man, I did not know, and the four were sauntering along quite oblivious of the steady downpour of rain. At the corner they rathered about a vendor of flowers, laughing and joking, and when they continued up the street each girl was wearing a large bouquet of fragrant violets.

It was on the same afternoon before the storm had abated that I met Gladys Mackay-Smith with her fine Air-dale terrier trotting along behind. She was dressed for the day, in a heavy tan topcoat and a striking can of the same color, and carried not a white for weather. And by the way, it struck me particularly that not one of these enterprising pedestrians carried an umbrella.

Coasting at Woodley Lane.

Mrs. Andrew J. Peters was recognizable, but then the smooth hillsides play away from the doors of Woodley the home of Senator and Mrs. Newlands, which they are occupying this season, was just too tempting to resist. In Canada the short road by the name of tobogganing, out Woodley Lane way it is just plain coasting; but few Canadian resorts offer anything pleasanter than the slight, quite common during the early days of last week, of the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. Peters—and once or twice the Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. McAdoo, for a foot-sliding a noisy slide from the summit to the base of the hill, followed closely by Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Glover, Jr., with Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Hamlin, Mrs. Peters, and a gay group of merry-makers bringing up the rear.

Neither the Secretary nor his assistant seemed averse to taking an old-fashioned "belle whomer" on one of the newest fashioned sleds, and even the breezy, blustering bow of the Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Daniels, who lived next door for several seasons and who still go to Single Oak to coast, could not do it without youthful abandon.

Not Going To Elberon. The rumor that the Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. McAdoo had leased a place at Elberon, N. J., near the summer White House, which was current for a little while, and even found its way into print on one occasion, seems to have died from lack of fuel. None of Mrs. McAdoo's friends "know anything of this plan, nor do the members of the Secretary's staff who handle his personal business.

Moreover, it is highly improbable from the very fact that they purchased the delightful place on Fox Island, Vinal Haven, Me., which they occupied last season and found eminently suited to their taste.

I notice, by the way, that since the recent cold snap Miss Ellen Wilson McAdoo's window crib has been removed to some coign of vantage inside the window. Mrs. McAdoo may advocate fresh air babies, but not frozen babies, and there were days last week to try the endurance of even the sturdiest youngster.

Judging from the regret expressed on all sides when it was learned that Lieut. Owen Bartlett, U. S. N., was to sail on April 5 for an Asiatic station—the notice appeared in the newspapers under the army and navy orders—there are many people who will be glad to know that his orders have been revoked. He will stay on at the navy yard a bit longer, and with him his mother and the pretty little sister who has set so many Washington youths by the ears.

A Great Linguist Here.

One of the pleasantest things afforded Washington last week was a glimpse of the round and perpetually smiling face of Major Harry H. Bandholtz, of (Continued on Page Twelve.)

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